

THE TATLER

MAY, 1922

FUN • FACTS •



TALES &
TOPICS
OF
STAGE &
SCREEN



MAIDA HARRIES
in "Marjolaine"

Photo by Abbe

MOVIE • MIRTH • MERRIMENT • MISINFORMATION

PRICE
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STAGE • SCREEN • SONG • STORIES • SATIRE • SPICE

There is something important
for you to read on the
back cover

Turn to it NOW!



VOL. IV

MAY, 1922

NO. 4

Sense and Nonsense

WHY not call it Alcohollywood?

A clever artist was the old-fashioned guy who used to draw from the wood.

If Erlanger and Shubert have kissed and made up, it was a tough job for both of them.

Of the two, we prefer Mack Sennett to the senate in Washington.

A Scotchman and a Jew started in business on Broadway together and they both went blind watching each other.

A woman's idea of economizing is one husband; a man's idea of economizing is no wife.

"I understand he leads rather a fast life."

"Yes, he's got a little red book full of chorus girls' wave lengths."

Divorce is woman's reno-vation.

A bachelor's excuse for staying that way is the married men he knows.

The most remarkable thing about three women is that they can all talk at once, and not one of them will miss a thing.

Sweden has an Association for Sobriety without Prohibition; over here we go in for Prohibition without Sobriety.

"Check your babies at Fifth Avenue church," says headline.
Birth Control?

One more month of using these turnstiles, and we'll have the hip movement of a South Seas dancer.

THE TATLER

Henry Waterson
President and Treasurer

Walter E. Colby
Vice-President and Secretary

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WALTER E. COLBY
Editor

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The Wizard Will Now Wiz

MMR. WILL H. HAYS, the pint-sized Indiana politician has by this time taken a firm hold on the motion pictures or the pictures have taken a firm hold on Mr. Hays.

Now the great miracle is about to happen to the motion picture world. All we have to do now is to sit back and confidently await results. There is one thing in our favor. We are good waiters. We have had plenty of practice.

One miracle has already happened. Mr. Hays has secured a salary of \$125,000 a year. Some miracle! Probably it is the only one that will happen. These are not the days of miracles. If Mr. Hays got away with one he has done about all that can be expected of one man.

Mr. Hays, when he left Uncle Sam flat on his back and transferred the gigantic brain of the cabinet to the motion picture field, grinningly admitted that he did not know a camera from a phonograph. It was doubtless this keen understanding of the picture business which made him worth so much to the magnates.

The line of reasoning in the motion picture business always has been unique, naive and altogether fascinating in its varied manifestations. No one but a lot of movie Caesars would think of taking a country lawyer from a jerkwater burg literally by the ears and placing him in the seat of the mighty at a salary which is almost twice that of the president of that other somewhat important institution, the United States. It takes a movie mind to get the full value of the transaction.

It is this same prodigious movie mind,

in the aggregate, which has kept on feeding the people stuff that they do not want. But anything is possible in the movies. It is even possible for two of the best known Broadway movie houses to run for several weeks a serial picture of adventure which was so rotten that every audience openly hissed it.

If moviedom can assimilate things like that and get away with them, there is no reason why the making of a cross-roads politician supreme head of the industry should cause it to choke—or even gasp.

But, getting down to the well-known brass tack, the movie magnates are not crazy—in this instance. There is an answer to this rather mysterious and inexplicable thing. It is not necessary for Mr. Hays to have the faintest glimmering of an idea about the pictures, what are good, what are bad, what the people want, or anything else. He is not there for that purpose.

Now, for the close-up.

Here is the whole thing in a nutshell, but don't tell anybody we told you. It's a secret. Only five or six thousand of us know it.

The movies (whisper it) had moved themselves into a pocket. The pictures were getting very bad, the hand-picked star system had run itself into nervous prostration, a lot of tough and indecent pictures had put in an appearance, pictures were running about three to the bushel and the rest were rather, what you might call punk. Many of them would insult the intelligence of a ten-year-old kid. Movie method got a lot of carbon in its cylinders and throat-cutting began.

(Continued on page 30)



Edward Thayer Monroe

JOCELYN LEIGH

One of Ziegfeld's bouquet
of American beauties
in his "Follies"

Peg O' Many Hearts

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE has gone and went to Paris to wear her eight million dollars worth of jewels and to write a book.

The title of the book is to be: "Husbands I have Met."

And, she has met some husbands.

A lot of these husbands will grab the first copies of the book nervously. Each one will hope she has forgotten him.

But, when women get to writing books and diaries and things, they have wonderful memories.

Probably Peggy remembers not only every husband she has ever had but every one she has ever met.

Now Peggy is all through with millionaires.

The next bird she marries will be poor.

If he isn't poor when she marries him, he will be shortly after.

Then everybody will refer to him as "the poor husband."

She wants to live in a cottage and cook flapjacks.

A lot of millionaires have made her sick.

It seems to be entirely mutual.

Can you imagine any poor man living up to Peggy?

He won't have to do anything but work. If he is a laborer he will have to earn a million a year.

If every printing press in the world should blow up, it would gratify a lot of husbands who are waiting to see that book.

If there is anything about husbands that Peggy doesn't know, it hasn't been invented.

After she publishes the book, she is going into a show and, of course she needs the publicity.

This is some of it.

THE EYES HAVE IT

THE REV. JOSIAH TIPTON did not go out much in a social way. Occasionally, one of his parishioners invited him to the house for a square meal, and on the evenings when the Ladies Aid Society gave an oyster supper in the church basement, he was generally awarded the oyster at the end of the evening. Aside from that, he dined out seldom.

One memorable evening, however, he was one of the guests at a fashionable banquet and was invited to sit at the speakers' table. As an added distinction, he was asked to say grace.

Across from the Rev. Josiah Tipton sat a stunning woman in a décolleté gown of extreme cut. The Rev. Tipton was unaccustomed to such opportunities.

Everybody's soup got cold while the Rev. Tipton said grace.

Heard on a subway car: Tighten up your corset strings mother, You're blocking the aisle.

Is it hard to get a drink in this town?"

"Not half so hard as it is to drink the stuff we get."

SOLO AND SO LONG!

Our talk was interesting,

(Though it was rather rot),

When she sprang off my knees,

For rasping through the trees

A bullet stopped our jesting—

I started at the shot!

Said she, "It is my husband's gun!"

* * * * *

I sauntered from the spot!

"I Hear—"

Interesting Bits About People You Know, Have Seen or Have Heard About

AWKWARD to meet your ex-husband the first time after you have divorced him? Not necessarily. At least, the super-tall Jobyna Howland professes to think not. Her first meeting with her ex-lord occurred in the lobby of a theatre. As they stood in the curving line that began at the box office window and ended somewhere near a Broadway corner she described her onetime mate. "Good Lord," she called over a line of wondering heads, "What a hat! You are too tall to wear a hat with a small brim. I'll take you out and buy you a hat."

To which, from the iron gray thatched dome of her onetime yoke fellow came the reply, "Woman, nine years ago the Supreme Court of this state gave me a right to choose my own hats."

MARTHA MANSFIELD, one of the heroines in the Oliver Optical series—"From Chorus Girl to Stardom," has added another claim to fame. She has qualified as well up among the winners when it comes to reckoning the elapsed time in the divorce handicap. When Martha arrived in Chicago not long ago on a vaudeville tour with Crane Wilbur, she found that her husband, a banker and real estate dealer of the big city, had been granted a divorce from her after eighteen minutes of testimony. The bill of divorcement—as we call it this season—was filed at 11:41 a. m., and by 11:59 a. m., all the evidence had been submitted. Evidently, Martha's ex-husband is one of those bankers who like to have their important business out of the way before noon.

HAVE you noticed the falling off of big names in the authoring of the Movies? A year or so back, the big movie producers had everybody sewed up but Shaw; now it's everybody sewed up but—pshaw! The big guns failed to write big stuff; they couldn't deliver the zip. Elinor Glyn is about the only exception to the rule. As for the rest—Kipling, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Gilbert Parker, Somerset Maugham, Ger-

trude Atherton, and so forth—they have been gradually slipping off into

obscurity, unable to bring trade or to put across the kind of thrills that the movie fans thrive on.

BESSIE MCCOY DAVIS has joined the growing group of stage folk who are indulging in the study of spiritism. Mrs. McCoy Davis is convinced that her late husband, Richard Harding Davis, is her directing spirit.

THEATRE patrons oft see an elderly editor from Park Row at play houses in the company of a young woman whom his acquaintances mistake for his daughter.

The elderly editor is John Tenant, managing editor of the Evening World. The girl of lily like semblance, who accompanies him, is Miss Gertrude Snyder. She has been, for a year, his secretary.

Confidantes of one or both know that the near venerable editor has made a proposal of marriage to his secretary and that she is considering whether, despite the disparity in their years, she would better become the second Mrs. John Tenant.

The passing of Carrie Tenant, the wife of John Tenant, about a year ago was an event regretted both on Park Row and Broadway. She was a gracious woman, with the gift of friend-making.

AND with all its legal vicissitudes pressing heavily upon it, "The Demi Virgin," now suffers from internal dissensions. The management asked the principals to accept a cut in their salaries, requests which were answered in the negative with threats of resignation. Hazel Dawn, because of a hundred dollar cut in her salary, resigned and was out of the cast for one performance. Constance Farber's name disappeared from the effulgent group above the door after her refusal to work for a diminished wage. The management contends that the counsels fees for the litigation must be paid.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 5)

HOW other ghosts of long dead romances rise from their graves and stalk us.

Minnie Dupree's love story of nearly a lifetime is an example. Twenty-six years ago that petite and talented actress was said to be engaged to Major William F. Langley. The Major, nineteen years her senior, had been divorced two years before. Three children divided their time between their parents by the law's decree. Broadway discussed, as a sweet morsel, the brilliant match that one of its most bewitching actresses was about to make. The newspapers authoritatively announced the engagement.

Years followed upon years. Miss Dupree scored one hit after another in metropolitan plays, she was praised for distinguished performances in "Two Little Vagrants," "The Climbers," "The Road to Yesterday." Her art was always sure. Her personality held poignant appeal. But Miss Dupree never played the role of bride in the nearly universal drama. "Led to the Altar."

Major Langley, clubman, yachtsman and multimillionaire, was her devoted escort to and from the theatre, to balls of the Sixty Club and wherever else the smart set of the stage congregated. But not up the church aisle nor to the palm set chapel in the Municipal Building. The drama of "We Will be United" had a sequel. It was "The Children Intervened."

Major Langley died three years ago while Miss Dupree was in France. An appeal from the Surrogate's ruling at Riverhead, L. I., revealed the fact that one of the Langley children had differed from the other two as to how much Miss Dupree was entitled by their father's will. The news was "broadcasted."

Thus do old love stories rise, as mists from old graves.

THEY say, "It's lucky to work for Norma Talmadge." Cause why? She gave her press agent a diamond ring for a Christmas present. Yes, her press agent is a woman.

THAT Dorothy Russell has achieved her fourth—or is it her third—marriage is news that has reached New York via persons with Southern deliberateness of speech, and Southern gra-

riousness of manner. While Miss Russell has been living quietly in a New York apartment for six months, saying to the friends she occasionally met that she was here to work quietly on her opera, "The Lotus Maid," she has introduced a good looking escort as Mr. Gordon Calvit. Mr. Calvit spoke with a Southern accent, referring to his connection with the stage. The connection is a business or managerial one. Introduced to her by a Southern friend he first became interested in the librettist because of her ambitions, then in herself.

Mr. Calvit's immediate predecessor in the matrimonial chain was John Reilly of Pittsburgh. The leader of the nuptial chain was one young Mr. Einstein. Between Mr. Reilly and Mr. Einstein there appeared a Japanese cavalier who is said to have been briefly her bridegroom. Of his status there is some doubt. Miss Russell, grown reticent with years, sheds no light on the darkness of this romantic episode. Miss Russell's matrimonial motto, like her mother's, is, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." Four may be a lucky number for Miss Dorothy Russell, as it was for her famous mother.

YOU can't keep a good actress down, and even when she has gracefully retired from the scene of her labors and her successes, the world is still waiting to make a beaten track to her door. At least, such seems to be the deduction to be made from May Irwin's announced plans for this summer, which comprise the altering of her farm property, in northern New York, into a summer resort. Plans call for a dance pavilion, bathhouse, bungalows and boathouses—all the trimmings to drive dull care away. May Irwin herself proposes to superintend the adventure. Summer boarders doubtless will be allowed to rehearse with the mosquitoes, as in all other popular upstate resorts.

BILLIE Allen, domestically to be termed Mrs. Johnny Hoagland, has again deserted her fireside. Once she was said to have left it for pique because her husband would not work despite his millions. She pointed reprovingly to him the example of his brother who "goes to the office every day and

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Edward Thayer Monroe

ALINE MCGILL

One of the reasons why men
leave home and go to see
Ed. Wynn's "Perfect Fool"

(Continued from page 6)

works, even though he is a millionaire." Another time she deserted it because she would to Europe go and Mr. Hoagland elected to remain behind with his mother. A third time she took flight because he declined to pay the dressmaker bill of a modiste who, although she was a guest at their wedding, sued Mrs. Hoagland for \$3,000 for garments furnished. Now she has abandoned him to his own hearth-side and devices because they are incompatible. She says the degree of incompatibility was highest when Johnny came into her room while she was trying to write. Yes, she writes verses and other things; among them memoirs. To turn the leaves of those memoirs is to thrill at many an unsuspected romance among the Who's Who of the Rialto.

EDNA WAL-
LACE HOP-
PER, who has been having such a lovely time of it cashing in on plastic surgery by featuring it in vaudeville and in the magazines, treads on many toes by divulging a list of people in public life and on the stage who have gone and done likewise—although some of them probably don't relish the uninvited publicity which Edna crowds upon them. Miss Hopper's list includes such folks as Mary Pickford, Fannie Ward, Queen Alexandria of England, Marguerite Clark, Bebe Daniels and Mae Murray. Well, quite a crowd for the queen to mingle with, eh?

Shouts of "Where's the bootlegger?" punctuated the playing of a one-acter by Willard Mack on the coast not long ago. Mack, playing the principal role in his

own playlet, was fumbling his lines, it is said, and combining a certain amount of argument with the audience along with the business of the evening. The curtain was rung down before the act reached its conclusion.

WHEN one's wife is abroad, it's not always possible to say whether or not she still is one's wife. Such must be

the conclusion of Burr McIntosh, who has been—or was—in quite a state of uncertainty as to his status as a married man. Information came from Paris a while back that the wife of the actor, who has been appearing with Faversham in the revival of "The Squaw Man," had obtained a divorce and was going to marry a Londoner by the name of Rupert Higgins. When the report was presented to McIntosh for verification, he was unable to declare himself one way or the other. Although he hadn't heard that his wife had started any such action, his view seemed to be that she might

WITHOUT YOU

By A. Dumbell

WITHOUT you, love, the day would hold no light;

The kindly stars would vanish from the night.

The flowers would all forget to wake at morn;

The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn—

Without you.

Without you, love, my life would be a waste;

The jewels of existence turn to paste;

The hours would drag and melancholy be;

The world would hold but darkest gloom for me—

Without you.

Without you, love, alone I'd have to dine.

No taxicabs, shows, suppers would be mine;

It would be lonely, very well I know,

But I could save up quite a lot of dough—

Without you.

have. Then, by easy stages, he arrived at the generalization to the effect if she could be happier with someone else—which remained to be seen, of course—he wished her all the luck in the world, and wouldn't stand in her way. Carrying forward his investigation, Mr. McIntosh subsequently heard from Mrs. McIntosh to the effect that it wasn't true. Neither he nor his wife seem to be able to shed any light on the origin of the story. Mrs. McIntosh went from Paris to London, to be the guest of her husband's sister. Burr McIntosh is a brother of Lady Gilbert, the widow of the librettist.

Zzt-Zzt-Zzt on the Tatler's Radio

There is no need of your installing an instrument— Take it from the Tatler

HAVING installed a radio machine we are now able to furnish the news of the world hot off the griddle. Not only do we get all the news over this wireless contrivance, which has made such a sensation in this country lately, but we get several items at the same time. Our news comes from the sublime and the ridiculous and we set it forth for the delight of our readers exactly as we grab it out of the little electrically charged box.

If it seems to be scrambled, remember, all radio customers have to take their news that way and soon learn to listen only to what they want to hear.

The stars (*) do not indicate pauses but merely indicate a switching from one subject to another, as often happens right at a most interesting point. For instance, the other evening, we were listening to a choice bit of scandal from Pinehurst, a smart set sensation, in fact, when the Weather Bureau broke in with its report. From the sublime, therefore, to the ridiculous.

Here's a cross section of today's grist of news and entertainment:

Zzt-Zzt-Zzt-Paris, France talking, Paris, Paris, Paris-z-z-z-z—Premier Poincare, when questioned about the four-power treaty today said * * * Dahlink, I am growing o-o-o-oald, sung by Mlle. Vocalowski of the Cosmopolitan Grand Opera Company. —Dahlink, I am Growing-g-g-g-O-o-o-o-ald. Sil-l-l-vah thr-r-r-r-reads among the * * * butter 29 cents in bulk lots. Nineteen cars of potatoes arrived New York market today. Eggs steady * * * she told the court her husband refused to take her dog out walking in the park and * * * Official time from Arlington Observatory, 10 o'clock, if you take it now, 10:15 if you take it a quarter

of an hour later. * * * the two have been seen together a great deal at Palm Beach while the trusting hubby was in California. However, friends say they did not believe there is anything wrong. The lady mentioned is * * * Steamship Olympic 900 miles off Ambrose Channel Light has just sighted a mysterious * * * upon Swanee Rivah, far-r-r-r, far-r-r-r-r away-y-y-y. There's where my hear-r-r-r-rt is tur-r-r-r-rning * * * also five amateur stills and three barrels of new whisky. Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith were the * * * Los Angeles—rush message—The real murderer of William Desmond Taylor, the screen director, was arrested by the police today. He is a well-known personage and his arrest will cause a sensation. His name is * * * record cargo of codfish arrived at Fulton market this morning and dealers say * * * I will not marry that man. I will not, I will not. This may be contempt of court, but, your honor, only last night this man followed me and * * * Oh Apr-r-r-ril Show-ow-ow-r-r-rs, oh, Apr-r-r-ril Show-ow-ow-ow * * * so dead, who nevah to himself has said, this is my own, my * * * skirts will be slightly longer and fringed on the bottom. Further styles direct from Paris are * * * Ed Wynn says he had just been to a funeral and a friend asked him if he had been somewhere and he said yes, I have been to a funeral and the friend asked is somebody dead and Mr. Wynn replied jokingly * * * colder in northern portions with fresh westerly winds. For New York and vicinity—* * * five of the men implicated in the hold up on Riverside Drive have been apprehended * * * G-G-Goo-Ni-Ni-Night-zzt-zzt-zzt-
Good night is right.

Guide: (*Pointing to the Sphinx*) "Him take a thousand years to build."
Tourist: "Ah! Government job I suppose."

APPARENT

When a spinster eagerly joins
The psycho-analysis clan
You may rest assured that she has
A suppressed desire for a man.

Culture

WE Americans have no culture.

Our moral code is a disgrace to the universe.
 We know nothing of art, literature, the drama or diplomacy.
 Our manners are those of the livery stable and the Barbary Coast.
 We are a lot of saps, mutts, hicks, boobs, rubes, and four-flushers.
 Sometimes we try to forget our shortcomings and be happy in our ignorance.
 But just when we are about to accomplish this gigantic feat,
 Some lecturer comes over from Europe, generally England,
 And reminds us of the fact that we really don't belong.
 About the only things in America that are worth while
 Are those bank-notes which we manage to produce.
 They are boorish, uncultured bank-notes,
 But how our foreign critics grab them!
 They are not afraid of boob germs.

* * *

We have no culture nor moral code worth while.
 Keep that in mind while you read the following lines:
 The other day the Earl of Cathcart sued his wife for divorce.
 The Earl of Craven was named as correspondent in the case.
 Now, it seems Craven, the noble Craven, had a cork leg
 And, according to the evidence, he often left
 This cork leg lying around in unusual places.
 One of these places was Lady Cathcart's boudoir.
 The servants often noticed it and who can blame them?
 There is nothing much more conspicuous than a cork leg,
 Particularly an orphaned cork-leg which is unattached.
 When the cork leg was introduced in evidence,
 Earl Craven had only one leg to stand on
 In real life and no leg at all
 To stand on in the court.
 That's culture for you.
 That's a moral code
 With a cork leg.

* * *

These cultured celebrities
 Who come to lecture us at \$3 a seat,
 Criticize our women and call us
 Dollar chasers. All we think of is money.
 They grab all our dollars they can get,
 But that, in their case is not dollar chasing,
 Oh no indeed, old dear. Perish the thought!
 That isn't dollar chasing.
 That's culture.

DON'T TELL ANYONE

IT is announced that the world will be ruled by women by 1977.

Although it is not generally known, the world was likewise ruled by women in 1677, 1777 and 1877.

Moreover, we have positive information that it is being ruled by women in 1922.

There is every reason to believe that the world will be ruled by women from 1923 until 1977.

Also, from 1977 on.

Keep it to yourself, however. Too many people have got wind of it already.

Quoth the stage doorkeeper, as the star passed out, "Thank Gawd! We've got a leading lady coming in and out, again, instead of a strip of celluloid!"



Captivating Mary Hay, in "Marjolaine"
draws a picture of teacher, and
then has to sit in
the corner

Photo by Abbe

Our Library Guide

“THREE Weeks” is a one-week book.

Don't sit on one magazine while reading another—especially in hot weather.

Don't feed the book-worms.

Don't tickle the attendants. Most of them are old maids and won't understand how to take it.

Don't laugh out loud while reading a book—unless you happen to be friend of the author.

Don't use bank-notes as book-marks. Use German marks as bookmarks.

Don't oversleep, and get locked in.

When they begin to turn off the lights, that means “Closing time.” Or, in other words, wake up and go home.

Our Art Museum Guide

PARK your umbrella in the checkroom. The owner will never think of looking for it there.

Avoid stepping on children. Remember that they are not there of their own free will.

While in the Egyptian mummy room, keep up a flow of conversation to avoid being mistaken for one of the exhibits.

Keep to the right.

Don't try to get your foot on the brass railing. Your action might be misunderstood.

Don't sit down and go to sleep. It annoys the attendants, and makes them envious.

Near-sighted deacons will have the right-of-way near all undraped statues.

If you see art students at work, gaze over their shoulders and try to guess which masterpiece they are trying to copy. Prizes will be given for the correct answers.

Our Aquarium Guide

GO on a free day—though not necessarily Friday.

Park your fishing tackle in the checkroom. These are poor fish—paid for by the taxpayers.

Don't try to poke a hole through the glass. The fish haven't any too much water as it is.

Don't point out the biggest fish in the place, and then talk loudly of the one you caught last summer, which was twice the size.

Don't feed the fish popcorn or peanuts. They are on a diet.

LOVE'S SUBSTITUTE

Is there a joy on earth,

Or e'en in heaven to woo,

Like that which springs to sudden birth

When I kiss you?

Methinks there is, and now

My point I think you'll see—

'Tis when your eyes look into mine,

And you kiss me!

ANOTHER SHORT ROMANCE

They fell in love at first sight—and then he returned, unexpectedly, the next morning and took a second look at her.

The old-fashioned woman who used to roll up her sleeves for the kitchen now has a daughter who rolls down her stockings for the street.



Edward Thayer Monroe

We predicted some time ago
that Helen Lee Worthing
would go into pictures and
now she's gone and done it.

The Science of Kissing

(Characters of persons can be determined by studying the way in which they kiss.—News Note.)

YES! it's certain kisses vary, and you must of course, be chary
 Of caresses that are printed on your neck,
 While a person who is jealous (so some clever writers tell us),
 Always show it by a vicious little peck.
 Then, when on a dim verandah you enclose some tiny hand, ah!
 Do not think about the love-light in her eyes,
 Drop it like a hot potato, if her kiss is a la Plato,
 And make tracks for "home and beauty," if you're wise!

Since 'tis really past disputing that this method of saluting
 Must be reckoned as important as 'tis nice,
 Every maiden will discover, if the virtue of her lover
 Counterbalances sufficiently his vice!
 Thus, if all he wants is money, though his kiss be sweet as honey,
 She will know without the shadow of a doubt;
 Though she use no magic philtre, if his object is to jilt her,
 The compression of his lips will find him out!

Should you ask me if the knowledge can be learned at any college,
 I'm afraid that I could scarcely answer, "Yes",
 For no Greek or Latin learning ever made one more discerning
 In the art of analyzing a caress.
 Cast aside all thoughts of study, choose a cheek quite warm and ruddy,
 And you'll soon be fairly conscious how it feels,
 For the only certain fact is nothing short of steady practice
 Ever taught a person what a kiss reveals!

—La Touche Hancock.

How to Dodge Divorce

OH yes, it can be done.

The way to do it is to marry the right person in the first place.

Queer nobody ever thought of that before, but a new cult is bringing it to light now. In this cult are several scientists who claim that in order to be happy one must marry one's opposite. A witty person should marry a serious minded one, a short woman should marry a tall man. In everything they should be diametrically opposite.

This idea carries with it a strong appeal to one's common sense. If it is carried out, as of course it should be, the following rules for married happiness must necessarily result:

A chorus girl who loves the gay life and must gad around nights and hop all the cabarets should marry a staid college professor who never takes his nose out of a book. Gee! Won't they have fun?

A burglar or second-story man should marry a demure and pious Sunday School teacher.

A detective should marry a shop-lifter or a confidence lady.

A W.C.T.U. lady should marry a boot-legger.

A bachelor who hates children should marry a widow with nine of them.

Man who hates animals should marry a dog-fancier and be happy ever after.

Tightwad who is so stingy he borrows the neighbor's paper, should marry a young woman who loves expensive furs and limousines.

Woman who loves to play poker and the races should marry a Methodist minister.

Woman with insomnia should marry man with sleeping sickness.

Man with dyspepsia should marry woman who dotes on corned-beef and cabbage for breakfast and lobster salad at night.

Man who hates gossip should marry a telephone operator.

And, if you don't happen to marry the right party in the first place, try the second place or the third or fourth place.



PEGGY ELLIS
in
"The Perfect Fool"

Schwarz

GENEVA MITCHELL
of "Sally"
who up and eloped with
wealthy Robert Savage
of Yale, and then sent
him away

The Reports and the Truth

THE newspapers reported:

By Peter Frank Meyer

That Mary Garden had signified her intention of resigning as director of the Chicago Opera Company—but the talented Mary was compelled to resign, and had been informed to that effect nearly three months before the newspapers published the foregoing.

That the attack of appendicitis which struck down Alice Brady two months ago would prevent her from engaging in active duty for at least six months—but she retired in anticipation of an interesting event, which has occurred. It's a boy.

That vivacious Bebe Daniels and direful Jack Dempsey were secretly engaged to be married—but this was the richest and most far-fetched press agent yarn that has appeared in cold type since Bebe did her celebrated "ten days in jail."

That Bull Montana, whose face is one of the monstrosities of the screen, was at one time holder of a world's wrestling championship—but the good-natured Bull never even attained a preliminary reputation in the wrestling game, though Lord knows he's engaged in scores of matches.

That Geraldine Farrar quit the Metropolitan Opera Company because she went green with envy over the ovation which the audience accorded the beautiful Maria Jeritza in her initial appearance as "La Tosca"—but Geraldine's real reason for refusing to sign a contract for the coming season was due to the fact that her voice was beginning to falter when called upon to render upper register passages, and she was honest enough to admit it.

That Lila Lee was an underwear model before she entered the movies—but Lila was nothing of the kind, and the girl probably referred to is that other well-known beauty, Virginia Lee, who, by the way, is not related to Lila.

That Joe Schenk of the celebrated team of Van and Schenk began life as

a stenographer and clerk, and that Gus Van of the same team started off as a messenger boy—but both these reports are false. It is interesting to note, however, that at one time Joe was a conductor on a Brooklyn trolley car, and Gus played the piano in an open-air motion picture drome in Flatbush.

That the Duncan Sisters, who have danced all over the country in multitudinous musical comedy productions, captivated the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales at a dinner party which was given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in honor of the royal gentlemen some time ago, and that both the King and the Prince forgot their manners that day, neglecting their hostess and the other guests and devoting all of their time to the dancing sisters—but someone told somebody else, and somebody else told us, that the Duncan sisters were more than a few hundred miles away on the day that Mrs. Vanderbilt gave her dinner party, and that the King of Spain was further away than that; and the someone who told somebody else happened to be a loquacious member of the executive staff of a prominent theatrical publicity agency which, among numerous other enterprises, handles all the press exploitation for the Duncan sisters.

That the shapely limbs of Mlle. Mistinguette, celebrated French musical comedy star, were insured for one hundred thousand dollars—but the nimble feet of our own Marilyn Miller are insured for nearly twice as much, and Marilyn pays the premiums herself; and that isn't press agent talk, either.

That Pola Negri was of Russian-Polish blood and that she scored her most sensational hit as "Du Barry" in "Passion"—but she was born in German-Poland of a German father and an Austrian mother, and won her greatest renown in this country by her marvelous interpretation of "Carmen."

When a girl's engaged, she is willing to press a man's trousers from eight till eleven p. m. After marriage, she won't press 'em for love or money.



Edward Thayer Monroe

GLORIA SWANSON

(Although, so often pictured,
it is hardly necessary
to say who it is)

What Mr. Hays Can Do with the Movies

(By Way of Improvement)

KEEP people from walking on my feet.

Eject every person who reads the titles aloud.

Cut out the "Art" and give us some pictures.

Chloroform the man and dog who continually climb mountains.

Give us something besides a Sousa march with the news reel.

Eliminate violinists and cracked tenors and give us another film.

Get some sane person to furnish names for picture plays.

Let the villain lick the snobby hero once in awhile.

Give us ninety per cent plot and ten per cent scenery.

Instead of ten per cent plot and ninety per cent scenery.

Stop advertising \$10,000 pictures as million-dollar productions.

Fix the wires under the seats so they will hold my hat.

Give us less posing and more acting.

If a ribbon counter hero wants to fall off a cliff and break his neck,

Let him do so. There are plenty of them.

Make the stars fit the pictures and not the pictures fit the stars.

A good many of the stars are not worth fitting.

Don't have a New York Central box car in a Russian scene.

Abolish movie matinees so men can have home-cooked dinners at night.

When one producer produces a hit don't let all the others copy it.

Don't have any more alligators waiting to chew up the heroines.

Alligators are fed up on film stars and we are fed up on alligators.

Take some of the gold braid off the doormen. We're too impressed now.

Get something new in the news reels, like ski-jumping.

—De Vaux Thompson.

A FIREMAN'S BRIDE

(A Ballad)

I'D hate to be a fireman's bride

Here in old New York City.

He has so many hotel fires,

Oh gosh, ain't it a pity

He rescues lots of ladies who

Are gowned in nifty undies.

They have those fires most every night

Including, also Sundays.

The fireman is a laddie brave

He is a hero zealous.

But if I was a fireman's bride,

I'd be gosh-awful jealous.

For when he lugged these ladies out

'Tis no idear to scoff at,

He would compare these dames to me.

I see where I'd get off at.

I think whene'er there's an alarm,

I see my husband, dapper,

Come down the ladder with his arms

Chock full of some cute flapper.

Say, ain't them gals got no bathrobes

Or nothing thick that's pretty?

I'm glad I ain't no fireman's bride

Here in old New York City.

DEAD LANGUAGE

"FOR rent."

"Excuse me."

"Take this seat."

"What'll you have?"

"Here's your number."

"Yes. Two good seats left."

"Madge, does my petticoat show?"

"Thanks for the tip, sir."

"Police capture burglar."

"Take a souvenir home."

"Fried oyster free."

"Help yourself."

"I beg pardon."

"Does my hair hang?"

"Come up to dinner with me."

"Take another. I got plenty."

"Ladies not allowed to smoke."

"Fifteen barbers—no waiting."

"Walk horses over this bridge."

"Wanted: Good livery stable."

"Costumes shocked audience."

"Society shocked by divorce."

"Room up in front of car."

"Here's how."

"Prosit."

Many a lad who starts out to leave footprints in the sands of time ends up by leaving finger-prints at police headquarters.



FLO NEWTON

Looking coy and all that,
in "The Perfect Fool"

Love—and Marriage

FIFTEEN men waiting in line to get into telephone booth in a Longacre Square drug store.

Five of them had to catch trains and five more wanted to lie to their wives about not being able to get home to dinner.

The receiver was firmly fastened to the ear of a youth in a sport suit, spats and trained-seal haircut. This is a portion of what the fifteen men, now eighteen men heard:

"That you sweetie? This is me. Oh, sure you know me. Guess hard. Yep, that's right. Aw go on, now. * * * I wanta have you go with me tonight to—* * * aw, they won't care. * * * Surest thing you know, sweetie * * * Aw, why not? You're giving me the gate. Whatcha care for that dumbbell? * * * Oh yes you are * * * oh yes you are * * * oh yes you are * * * oh yes you are. Don'tcha love me no more??? * * * Oh no you don't, oh no you don't * * * You been chasin' around with that cake-eater several times * * * oh yes you did * * * oh yes you did * * * oh yes you did * * * I heard all about it * * * I seen you to Ed Wynn with him * * * I did, so * * * I did so * * * I did so * * * Now,

sweetie * * * Aw come on and go tonight * * * Give that sis the gate * * * He is a cake-eater * * * He is so * * * he is so * * * Aw, why not? * * * They ain't nobody else but you * * * You know me * * * Aw come on——"

"Aw go cut yourself a piece of cake," yelled a stout person at the end of the line as he gave a great heave and pushed the seventeen men along so suddenly that the first man was pushed through the door and he lost the wire.

The first man in line, grabbed the phone: "Gimme Audubon 45576 an' make it snappy. * * * H'le, Mag. I'm called to Chicago. Will be back in three weeks. Naw, I don't want nothin' G'bye."

Second man: "Gimme Wadsworth 9300: This you Gert? Won't be home to dinner. Gotta customer from outa town. S'long."

Seventeenth man: "Fordham 45698 quick. H'lo Min. Goin' to Schoharie. Won't be back till late. * * * Schoharie, I said. * * * How do I spell Schoharie? I don't. Aw hang up. G'bye."

The young gent first in the booth represented love.

The rest of them, marriage.

Oo, Ba-bee! Oo, La-la!

By De Vaux Thompson

A SINGLE feather comprises the chorus girl's costume in a new Paris revue.

A single fezzer Oo, la-la!

What you zink from zat, huh?

Bet that tickles the bald-head row.

It is only fair and decent to say that it is not a sparrow feather, nor yet a robin feather, but a rather large feather, such as might be gathered from an elephant or a hippopotamus.

If all the forty girls in this chorus could go out and capture one ostrich and remove its tail feathers, they would be all dressed up.

Fig leaves are away out of style in Paris. They are so warm—perhaps stifling is the word. The girls are not

interested in figs. Dates for theirs.

A rich Parisite could steal his wife's fan and clothe two or three ladies of his acquaintance.

And you might even say that the chickens could furnish their own feathers. You might, but why would you?

One night after the show one of the cleaners swiped all the costumes and made a medium sized feather duster out of them and dusted off the furniture. Cleanliness is next to godliness but the costumes the next night were next to nothing.

Why didn't we think of that over here? A manager could buy a feather bed and have enough costumes to last him twenty years.

The average bank account is simply a game of put-and-take.



Shirley Mason
in Fox Films

Edward Thayer Monroe



Photo by Abbe

Polly Platt, another moving picture recruit
from the "Greenwich Village Follies"



Mary Miles Minter, who is touring the Orient.

Debs, Sub-Debs and Plain Dubs

Or What Is Going On in Society

MISS Oleomargerine Pipp, one of the charming debbies of the

By Cholly Blickensderfer

season and daughter of the T. Wither-spoon Pipp of Park avenue, Palm Beach, Tuxedo, Newport, Long Branch, Southampton and Sing Sing, it is whispered has become engaged to Bertie Tilling-hast Blithers, the soft-boiled son of the G. Tillinghast Blitherses of Lakewood, Bar Harbor, Larchmont and Matteawan. It is a brilliant match, her father's fortune being made in electric lighting systems and his father's in automobile headlamps.

The climbers are making great head-way in society these days. Several homes have been entered by second-story men and jewels taken.

Mrs. Ponsonby N. G. Binks, one of the leaders of the smart set, has complained to the opera authorities over the manner in which common people stare at her while she is seated in her

box. The very wealthy Binks family are newcomers in society. For

several years Mr. Binks was a prominent bootlegger.

Miss Phyllis Deschamps Dusenberry debutante daughter of the Dewitt Deschamps Dusenberrys has shocked society by entering business. She has started a perfume shop on Park avenue where it is possible to get \$6 worth of perfectly wonderful perfume for \$176. Miss Dusenberry, it will be observed, is in business just for pleasure and to relieve her from the boredom of society.

The Langhorne-Butts, exclusive leaders of the Park avenue set refused to attend the dance given by Mrs. Katz in honor of the debut of her daughter Muriel because the Katz family made their money in trade—the delicatessen business. The Langhorne-Butts family fortune was made by old Chuck Butts who ran a grog shop two generations ago.

TIRED BUSINESS MAN'S DAY

9 A.M.: Rises. Very tired.
9:15 Breakfast with wife. More tired.

10: Subway to the office. All tired out.

11:00: Business engagement, makes him very weary.

12:00: Dictates three letters. Utterly fatigued.

1 P. M.: Lunch. Slightly refreshed, but not like old days.

2:00: Chatting in club. Very wearying.

3:00 Back to office. Sick of it all.

4:00: Closes up desk. Tired to death.

5:00: Billiards at club. More fatigued.

6:00: Dinner at home. Absolutely enervating.

7:00: Reading newspapers that make him tired.

8:15: Girl show. Slightly rested.

11:00: Supper with chorus lady. Exhilarated.

12:00: Home, feeling first rate.

9 A. M.: Rises. Very tired.

Repeat for every following day.

HE STILL DOES IT

IT was a mistake for man to learn to walk on his hind legs, according to a French physician. Man was meant to be a crawling animal; the position of his internal mechanism proves it.

On this theory, if you don't feel well, the best thing to do is to creep it off. Down on your hands and knees, you're in a position to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of collar buttons.

Where the Frenchman makes his mistake is in imagining that man's crawling days are over.

As an infant, he crawls.

As a taxpayer, he crawls.

Coming home at 2 a. m. he crawls upstairs.

Dodging a friend to whom he owes five dollars, he crawls.

Tinkering with his flivver, he crawls.

Seeing to it that the refrigerator is dripping properly, he crawls.

Trying to do a little home plumbing, linoleum laying, or floor staining, he crawls.

About the only time he gets up on his hind legs is when he gets good and mad.

"Give the reformers time," bawls a preacher. Sure, give them anywhere from five years to twenty-five.



Photo by Abbe

LAURETTE TAYLOR

The Flapper's Last Flap

THE flappers are flapping their last flap.
 The purists are after them hard.
 And that is as it should be.
 The flappers are a very hard-boiled lot.
 Oh, haven't you heard about them.
 My dear, wherever have you been?
 Oh, yes, they smoke cigarettes
 And they dance and they drink cocktails.
 And they chew tobacco and swear.
 And they play put-and-take, for money,
 And, horror of horrors, they have legs.
 They wear skirts which show them.
 Now, that is very unnatural.
 Women are not supposed to have legs.
 Legs are most immoral—oh, my dear!
 Women are supposed to move on casters.
 Like those wire ladies
 They have in the cloak and suit stores.
 A woman who has legs is a bad one.
 And these flappers don't care who knows it.
 That is the very worst part of it
 And the brazen things are happy
 And sometimes they smile—right on the street,
 And they actually go to the theater
 And they dine in public restaurants.
 And, listen! They use lip-sticks
 And they bob their hair
 So they will be comfortable.
 Some of them actually use powder.
 Where is our vaunted civilization.
 These outcasts believe in sunshine
 And laughter and they actually
 Try to make life a little brighter
 By wearing bright clothing.
 They are the ruination of our race.
 But we will wipe them out.
 They are flapping their last flap.
 Uncle Wilbur Crafts will show them
 Whether they will shake the shimmy.
 They will learn that this country
 Is not free. They must dress
 And comport themselves as we say.
 Three cheers for Gloom,
 The coming tone.

SECURING AN AUDIENCE

“AND the audience, my boy, were glued to their seats,” said the delighted actor.
 “That certainly was a neat way of keeping them there,” said the critic.

DEAR ME

“HORRORS! While mother was sleeping the baby licked all the paint”—
 “Off a toy?”
 “No; off mother.”

A soubrette is a girl that gets \$50 a week, and sends \$100 home to mother.



Edward Bower Hesser

It is easy to see why Madge Bellamy
went into pictures—and
made a hit

Slips Don't Count

NO ONE should be allowed to appear in public these days unless he holds a diploma from an accredited school of etiquette. There was a time when the man who ate with his knife could run for president; now the least he can do is to run for cover.

Eating is not a question of conveying food from the plate to the tongue with the slightest loss; it's a problem of correct motion. It involves not merely the hand that holds the fork, but the correct position of the elbows, the esophagus, the hips, and other parts of the anatomy not visible above the bread line.

Some people refuse invitations simply because they have not been foresighted enough to take a correspondence course in etiquette—at so much down and the rest in your lap.

It's wonderful to know how to eat correctly, without lost motion or lost prestige. People with good manners are instantly recognized, and if there's any doubt about it, all they need to do is to produce their diplomas, signed by the president of the school, who doubtless wears a celluloid collar and a dickey in private life, but knows how to sell the bunk.

Let us pretend, says the correspondence course, that we are in the drawing room and the hostess is serving tea. Laying aside the fact that the lady must be a piker or she would be serving something stronger than tea, let us consider the etiquettish problems. Let us be cultured, let come what may.

Should the cake be eaten with the fork, the fingers, or should it be nibbled off the plate, after the manner of a coquettish mouse? This is a delicate point, for which see Chap. IV, p. 8.

Should the napkin be entirely unfolded, or should the center crease remain intact, so that the hostess can use it again if you are not too mussy? Here again we strike a snag, for which see Chap. XII, p. 83.

Should lump sugar be taken up with the fingers, the tongs, or the teeth? There is quite a difference of opinion on

this point, but the preferred practice will be found in Chap. XIV, p. 95.

Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess, or should he merely recline? The answer to this depends upon the number of chaise longues which the hostess may have been thoughtful enough to provide. See Chapter. XXV, p. 7.

Should he thank her, or tell her exactly what he thinks of her? This is a nifty; see Chap. XVXVXVXV.

What should the guests do with the cup, when he has finished his tea. Some advocate throwing it out the window, but this seems hardly fair to pedestrians. Some are in the habit of dropping the cup into the fireplace, but this is fatal to the cup. If you don't care what you drink—or how much—you can send your cup back to be refilled.

There are other problems, equally delicate, which are not encountered at a tea party.

Supposing you are dining in a restaurant, and accidentally swallow a salt cellar. Should you excuse yourself, or should you ignore it altogether? This leads us to Chap. XXX, p. 6, where salt is rubbed in.

If you knock your fork off the table, should you wait for the waiter to pick it up, or should you allow your escort to do so? Much, in this case, depends upon the waistline of your escort. And if the waiter picks it up, should you tip him an extra half-dollar? See Chap. II, p. 99.

Should olives be eaten with the left hand or the right? Or more briefly, should olives be eaten?

How is lettuce eaten, from the inside out or from the outside in?

How loudly should celery be bitten, and if not—why not?

At which end of an ear of corn is it correct to begin?

What should be done with the cob?

Which hand has precedence at the finger bowl? Why?

Correct answers to all these questions should be sufficient to get most anybody into Childs.

The man who invented the Bronx cocktail died in New York the other day. His invention died some time ago.

The reformers have as yet found nothing wicked in the shooting galleries—but they will.

Marguerite
De La Motte
in "A Bride of
the Gods"

Edward Bower Hesser



Edward
Bower
Hesser

Julia Faye
in
"Saturday
Night"



Mildred Harris, star of "Fools Paradise"

Edward Bower Hesser

Paraphrase of Current Plays

JUST MARRIED: Almost any screen star.

PINS AND NEEDLES: New shirt just from the store.

BROKEN BRANCHES: New York's disjointed trolley system.

THANK-U: A remark you used to hear.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED: Any married man.

BACK TO METHUSELAH: Going to a Bryan lecture.

YOUR WOMAN AND MINE: See any divorce court.

LAWFUL LARCENY: Taking nickel left in telephone coin box.

THE LAW BREAKER: Man with pint on hip.

THE BAT: Gosh, don't you remember those?

MIDNIGHT FROLIC: Stepping on tin train in the dark.

THE FRENCH DOLL: Georges Carpentier.

TO THE LADIES: Everything they ask for.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM: How dry I am.

GOOD MORNING DEARIE: Something your wife doesn't say.

THE PERFECT FOOL: Old bird who marries a chicken.

SHUFFLE ALONG: Crowd in Times Square subway station.

WELCOME STRANGER: A piece of chicken in a chicken a la king.

THE FIRST MAN: What every guy hopes he is.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY: All that some families have to move.

FOOLISH WIVES: Few and far between.

A lady, who purchased her trousseau,
Now thinks she was foolish to do so,
For the man she would wed
Has bolted instead,
That is why the poor maiden boo-hooseau!

A LAMP POST

IT was just an ordinary lamp post, but it served its community well.

One man paused beside it to look at his watch. He was in a hurry.

Another leaned against it while waiting for a pretty girl to come along. He was not in a hurry.

Another who was on the city payroll came with a bucket of paint and painted it bright green. He took his time.

Another embraced it enthusiastically, as the one stationary object in a swinging world. He had lost track of time.

Another collided with it at the wheel of a roadster. He exchanged time for eternity.

AFTER OMAR

A book of verse—my own for choice
A slice of cake, ice cream and soda,
A lady with a tuneful voice
Beside me in some dim pagoda,
A cellar—if I had the key—
Would be a Paradise to me!

PARENTS in Nebraska were overjoyed at the advent of a son some time ago. They were next pleased at the arrival of twins. Still later they were astonished at the coming of triplets.

At this ratio they are doubtless now just about worried to death.



June Korle, recent addition
to the
"Greenwich Village Follies"

Zoe Barnett
in
"Blossom Time"

(Continued from page 2)

The reaction on the part of the public was not at all flattering. After all, the public has a little sense. It takes a lot of skinning to get all the hide off the public but it can be done. The public sat and looked at gush, mush, junk, bunk, twaddle, flopdoodle, inanity, scenery and flabby sex stuff until it was Glorriad, Normad, Bebed, Mintered, Bettyed, Dorised, Bessied, Phyllised and Juned to the point of innocuous desuetude.

To be perfectly frank about it, the public was getting an eyeful of movies and was quite calmly but persistently growing disgusted with moving picture tactics including fake advertising et cetera, ad infinitum.

Unfortunately the public, in the final analysis, holds the motion picture industry in the hollow of its hand for the public puts up the dinero which makes it possible for a \$50-a-week ham actor to get \$50,000 a year on the screen and a lot of magnates to become more so.

The public has made it possible for the cloak and suit business to move bodily into the moving picture business.

So, the public feeling that way about it, something must be done to satisfy the public.

What more succulent and delectable something could be devised than Mr. Hays. The public had heard a lot about Mr. Hays, Mr. Hays was a very Napoleon of politics.

He had accomplished startling things.

He had elected Mr. Harding president in the face of an overwhelming minority in favor of Mr. Harding's opponent. In spite of the intense hatred of the public for Mr. Wilson's policies

as represented by Mr. Harding's opponent, Mr. Hays had elected Mr. Harding president. Seven million voters favored any opponent of Wilsonism, at that time. Seventeen million voters whooped her up for the republican candidate even before he was nominated at Chicago and yet, in spite of all this tremendous handicap, Mr. Hays pulled Mr. Harding through. It was a wonderful piece of work.

So great was Mr. Hays's political sagacity that, at that time, he might have been able to elect as president even the very bald Mr. Debs, the very bawled Mr. Bryan or even the amiable and popular Mr. Izzy Einstein. If he had put his mind to the task, he might even have, under that particular phase of the public mind, have elected Mr. Volstead or Dr. John Roach Straton.

And now this genius is to see that we get our money's worth in the movies. Oh, goody, goody!

Mr. Hays "humanized" the entire post-office department—and he did it in about six weeks. There is no question about it. He admitted it at the time. You will notice how much more prompt your mail is and how less harsh the dunning letters are since they have been humanized. If you get a letter from the Bronx to City Hall inside of three days it is because the whole system has been humanized. It is great stuff. Anyhow it is great press stuff.

To get Mr. Hays at \$125,000 a year was a great stroke of enterprise and so cheap, for \$125,000 means no more to the movie business than a nickel means to John D., and not half as much.

Mr. Hays may have great native ability but the movie people didn't buy that. Certainly they didn't buy his knowledge of the business. But they did buy one thing—his name.

And that means a great deal to the public, more or less, and will as long as the public succeeds in remembering it. It's a darned forgetful public.

Mr. Hays will not be obliged to accumulate great knowledge of the motion picture business. All that is necessary for him to know, the magnates will tell him as he goes along. The public must have someone to swear at. Why not Mr. Hays? It's a short name that will fit in with almost any hyphenated cuss-word. And, who would cuss dear Mr. Hays? In the meantime, the movies will continue to move along as usual.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

The world's greatest facial remedy will restore ruined complexions to the beauty and purity of youth.

If YOUR blood is impure. If you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy, sallow skin, or any blemish on or under the skin, you need

**DR. JAMES P. CAMPBELL'S
SAFE ARSENIC
COMPLEXION WAFERS**

These marvelous beautifiers of the complexion and the skin are wonderfully effective, and are absolutely safe and harmless. The prescription was first used 36 years ago by Dr. Campbell, and he has made countless thousands of women and men happy in the possession of a pure, spotless complexion.

Mailed in plain cover on receipt of \$1.00 from **RICHARD FINK CO.**, Dept. 35, Kens. Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. C. Every druggist can get this remedy for you from his wholesale dealer.



For the Fashionable Woman

Insertions of self material in tangerine color give vivacity to this handsome three-piece suit. It is made of white crepe knit, in sports style. The cape is bordered in the tangerine color and the scarf collar is in the same brilliant line.



Cape Nightgowns—Artificial Silks—Knitted Outerwear—Yellow Lingerie—
New Bathing Suits

By Betty Grant

CORSET LESS figures are going to remain the vogue in spite of the corset manufacturers. Women are getting sensible and comfort now-a-days comes first. There are women however who cannot wear the satisfying girdle

(Continued on page 32)



Knicker costume for sports wear designed in tan tweed mixture. Extra large patch pockets and narrow belt are features.



Marguerite Namara of the Chicago Opera Association in a printed chifon night robe. French, of course, in pastel shades of raspberry and mauve, and ribbon trimmings of wistaria.

—White Studio

(Continued from page 31)

and for them a new corset has been put on the market. It has a top slashed in even squares from front to back and to the waistline. The slashes permit the corset to give with the figure. When one is standing it hugs the figure closely but when sitting or breathing it expands enough for comfort.

Batiste for underwear in solid colors is being extensively shown. Three piece sets including gown, step-in chemise and vest in coral, blue, honeydew and orchid are selling very well. White also is in great demand.

A new night-gown which is very interesting is something on the style of a slip-over cape. It is straight across the top and gathered on a draw ribbon. The arm holes are cut at the sides as they are in capes.

A great many gowns are made with fancy girdles and are "flapper length" (48 inches) with deeply scalloped hems.

The vest and step-in-drawer to match are increasing in popularity steadily. These sets in satin striped Luxor trimmed with real filet are stunning and modestly priced.

The lattice border as a trimming is not new but using red and white checked taffeta for the lattice design on the body and pockets of gowns and chemise is new.

Dandelion yellow is the new shade for the early spring fashions in lingerie

and is a wonderful background for Bulgarian embroidery in black.

The silk slip made on very straight lines is usurping the place of the long used lingerie petticoat. The slips are generally trimmed with baby Irish and pleats are used instead of the gathers to make the required fullness.



Straight lines and banana colored Crepella, with white collar, are the features of this new spring model. Small loops extend on both sides of collar, and a straight line of buttons covered in Crepella, with a few pleats on either side, make up the skirt.

A charming summer frock in organdie, created by a Paris designer. Painted flowers set in beautiful motifs of ruffles are all that are needed to give to the skirt a tone of distinct originality. The pleated sleeves, edged with hand-made ruffles combined with a clever use of ruffles for the collar which extends to the waist line, complete the dress.

A new feature in bloomers is the garter bloomer of glove silk. They are made quite short with a patented garter finish of tubular ribbon run with elastic. A very unusual bloomer was made of black with the garter finish of cerise ribbon picot edged. Some have a smart finish of inch wide Valenciennes lace.

Another novelty is the modest bloomer for sports wear. It does away with the knee elastic but is finished with fringe. It looks like a petticoat when on.

The artificial silk sweater with patterns in opposing colors is

the newest thing. A black wool sweater with the pattern done in black, yellow and white silk is very striking. White sports skirts are worn with these sweaters.

Artificial silks are having such a success they are being used for blouses in the sports models. The newest material is called "silk tweed knit." It is a combination of wool and fibre in shaded effects, the glossy silk predomi-

(Continued on page 34)

Bathing suit, upper part in orange, lower part in black. A braiding of black gives a striking trimming note. Cape in same color scheme.



The long front paneled effects and the skirt sleeves with scalloped edges, which are high notes of the season, are typified in the model illustrated. The dress is designed in printed crepe de chine, with designs in coral on a white ground.



Louise Huff in a fetching gown of black and white net, with hat to match.

(Continued from page 32)

nates. The "silk tweed knit" will be popular because it repeats the tones in the tweed suits.

Coatee styles will have a place all their own especially the "Ming Toy" number. It is made to flare outward from under the arm and is unbelted in the Chinese fashion. These coatees are sleeveless.

Another style is the straight youthful line with the long full sleeves. These are belted across the back but also have a slight flare from under the arms downward.

The "African Golf" blouse in which French knots are the main note is decidedly new. The knots are used as a border and represent successive throws of the dice. It is made of white "Gratte-knit," and embroidered in your favorite color. The blouse is cut with a youthful yoke effect. The yoke and kimono sleeves are cut from one piece and form a well fitted shoulder. The sleeves are short.

The new tailored blouses feature the regular four-in-hand ties in self or contrasting colors with sashes to match for the over-the-skirt type of blouse. The tuck-in blouse seems to be coming back very strongly however.

The knitted costume is being worn not only for sports wear in France but for afternoon and informal evening wear. One elaborate knit costume is made of fibre silk with metallic threads. The glint of the metal shows up very effectively on the sheen of the silk. The chemise line is used in this model and is belted with a soft sash with long fringed ends.

The wrap around skirt of fringed tweed is new. These models are also made in homespun with fringed novelty pockets as well as fringed hem line.

Eponge in the popular stripe or cross bar design finished with the fringe and novelty buttons are in great demand.

In the silk and satin skirts hand painted Grecian or Persian borders in gay colors are the newest novelties.

Nowadays everybody has a tweed or homespun suit. It seems to be essential to the spring and summer wardrobe. The more serviceable suit has the skirt and knickers to match the coat. Women who drive their own cars seem to favor knickers for automobile use as well as sports wear.

Fox chokers at moderate prices are being shown at many of the stores. These will be popular because they go so well with the tweed suits.

For light summer dresses Lingette and flocked Normandy voiles are being shown. The simple dotted effects seem to be the more popular.

There seems to be a revival of polka and coin dots not only in crepes and voiles but in summer silks. Even bathing suits are made of them.

The bathing suits this season must have a cape whether they are made of satin, velvet, or crepe de chine.

An athletic cut style of bathing suit is made of wool Jersey. A tiny skirt, which can be cast aside when one enters the water, is fastened by three ornamental buttons to the waist of the undergarment. This can be replaced again when the wearer has finished her swim.

A stunning cape to wear over the bathing suit is made of Roman striped silk. It is a full circular cape and is most effective over a black satin suit.

A new leading color is "taffy." All over embroideries and riots of beads mark the new afternoon and evening gowns.

Side drapes and looped hems are seen on the most up-to-date models while many of them have trains.

Women seem to be spending more on accessories this season than on more important pieces of the wardrobe. Especially things made of beads such as purses, girdles, necklaces and bandeaus.

Black onyx is being used a lot especially for vanity and cigarette cases.

Honor Roll of Male Vamps

Note.—To correct the current impression that vamping is a strictly one-sided occupation, practiced exclusively by the daughters of Eve, "The Tatler" has compiled the following statistical outline of the historical males who could—and did—shake a wicked profile. Credit to whom credit is due, is our motto.

SOLOMON—One thousand wives.
Brigham Young—Twenty-five wives.

Nero—Annexed Poppaea Sabina, without her husband's consent; slew his mama, Agrippina, to please his Poppa; divorced Octavia to marry Poppaea and later sent Poppaea to join mama; jilted by Antonia, so he slew her; married Statilia Messalinia after sending Mr. Mess into the beyond.

Antiochus I of Syria—Vamped his father's lady friend, Stratonice.

Antiochus II of Syria—Left his first wife to woo Ptolemy's daughter; left Ptolemy's daughter to woo his first wife.

Beau Nash—Did a Lady Godiva in a fashionable watering place, by riding naked up the main street mounted on a cow, to win a wager.

Beau Brummell—Bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV; the Lucile and Henri Bendel for gentlemen.

Lord Chesterfield—Who told all about how to win the ladies without treating them rough.

Henry VIII—Divorced Catherine of Aragon for Anne Boleyn, her maid-of-honor; beheaded Anne (it was quicker than divorce) to wed Jane Seymour; followed with Anne of Cleves but didn't cleave; tried Catherine Howard, and exchanged her for Catherine Parr.

Robert Burns—Combined the occupations of poet and pursuer. Among those who fell for him in the latter capacity are Jean Armour, Mary Campbell, Ann Park et al.

Lord Byron—Invented a collar to increase his effectiveness among the ladies; Married Anna Milbanke but proved more than she could manage; joined the Shelleys and wooed Claire Clairmont; moved on to Venice and Countess Guiccioli.

Louis XIV of France—The returns are incomplete, but we might mention Maria Theresa, Mistress Louise Francaise de la Beaume de Blanc de la Valiere (which lasted almost as long as it takes to say it), and Mme. de Montespan.

Louis XV—He was mixed up with Du Barry and Pompadour.

D'Annunzio—Who spent many pleasant hours with Eleanore Duse and Ida Rubenstein.

Nat Goodwin—That, however, comes under the head of recent history.

TO DR. STRATON

WHY talk of the dances,
The shimmies, the prances,
And jazzy gyrations of this modern
day?

Why this fuss and flurry
And this muss and worry,
Because young folks dance in a fool-
hardy way?

There's no use to fight it,
'Tis folly to smite it.
The new dance continues from East to
the West.

Why sadly regret it,
Old Kid, let's forget it,
There's no way to stop it, so give us a
rest.

HUSBANDRY

IT'S hard to tell about matrimony—if
your wife is within earshot.

A woman can dress on less than \$100
a year, by statistics. But who ever saw
a woman in her statistics?

It's getting so that when you ask a
woman how long she's been married, she
wants to know whether you mean the
last time or altogether.

Another effect of prohibition has been
to make the girls learn how to drink out
of a bottle.

Have you noticed how perfectly con-
tented the women are these days? It's
because they have the vote.

A divorced woman is more mysterious than a divorced man. She has to be.

“NERVES”

A subtle and dangerous malady which is undermining the vitality of the American Nation

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

“NERVES”—We hear it everywhere. The physician tells his patient—“It’s your Nerves.” Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their “Nerves.” You see evidence of “Nerves” everywhere—in the street, in the cars, in the theatre, in business, and especially in your own home—right in your own family. We Americans are a nation of nervous people. This is known the world over. Our own Nerve Specialists admit it. It is caused by our “Mile-a-minute” life; the intenseness of our Natures in everything we do. It is making us the most progressive nation on earth, but it is also wrecking our people. Our crowded insane asylums prove it. Medical records

What is Nerve Force? We might as well ask “What is electricity?” We do not know. It is the secret of Nature. We *do* know that it is the vital force of life, a mysterious energy that flows from the nervous system and gives life and energy to every vital organ. Sever the nerve which leads to any organ and that organ will cease acting.

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works incessantly to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, or, in any way, consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, the natural result must be Nerve Bankruptcy, in other words, Nerve Exhaustion, Neurasthenia, or “Nerves.” There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion—its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper he is afraid he will not die—so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

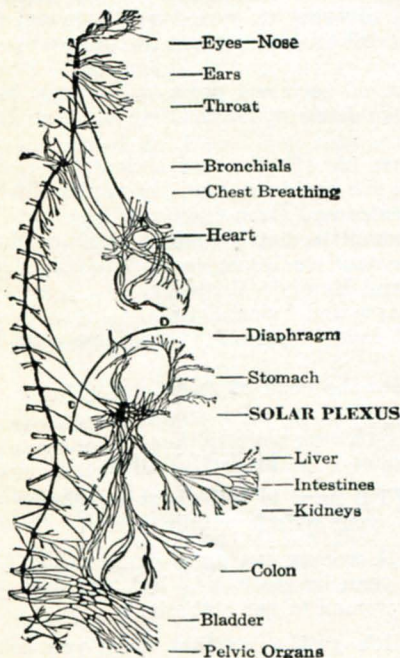
Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which can readily be recognized.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that “tired feeling,” especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; backache; headaches; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dan-



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

prove it. Millions of people have sub-normal Nerve Force, and consequently suffer from endless organic and physical troubles, which make their lives miserable. What is meant by “Nerves?” By “Nerves” is meant Nerve Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), lack of Nerve Force.

gerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

How often do we hear of people, running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ is weak or diseased? How often do we hear of people racking their brains, trying to discover the reason of their failure in business, in a profession, love, or any undertaking? They would give anything to lay their finger on the stumbling block of their lives—the door that locks out their ambitions, the wall that blocks their progress. The answer is: Lack of Nerve Force. In short, Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force—Personal Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to attain success.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men. And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved success, or has ever gotten the fullest enjoyment from life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, and we cheat ourselves of our birthright of health and vigor.

"A sound mind in a sound body" depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER, even in a small way, depends, *first of all*—NERVE FORCE. If your NERVES have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine the cause and to learn what to do to build up your Nerve Force.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific, and always effective.

I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE and without any obligation on your part. Everything is confidential and sent sealed in a plain envelope. You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body for the first time.

Read the book at my risk, that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.



Paul Von Boeckmann

Author of Nerve Force and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects. Over a million of his various books have been sold during the last 25 years.

Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysical Force involved in the Coulton-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Gripe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "Flu" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent *Free* upon receipt of 25c with the book Nerve Force. You will agree that this alone is worth many times the price asked for both books. Address:

PAUL von BOECKMANN

510 West 40th St., Studio 98, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name

Address

Enclose 25c. if you wish the book.

For Social Convenience

IN India, social distinctions are more marked than they are over here. In fact, they're marked right on the forehead—a label that is much more permanent than a marcel and that doesn't come off with the Saturday night bath.

We might give the Hindoo system a trial, since we seem to be trying almost everything these days. As it is, if you step into the smoking compartment of a pullman, for example, you can't tell from the conversation whether its occupants are nature's noblemen or merely windjammers.

Half a dozen times in our life, we have sat in a smoking compartment listening

to no less than a director of the steel trust, only to discover later that we had been taken in by the ex-crook who holds the peanut concession at county fairs.

Under the Hindoo system, such mistakes would not occur. You could determine at a glance whether you were talking to one of the major Four Hundred of New York or one of the miner four hundred of West Virginia.

The delicate part of inaugurating the caste system over here would be in doping out the right symbols.

For the flivver owners—a large and influential caste—we propose a loose nut tattooed over the left eye.

For the college professors, the distinguishing mark might be an owl on the right temple, adjacent to the dome of thought.

All tenants, under the caste system, would have their eye-brows raised, along with the rent, and the landlords could be decorated with the dollar sign—for obvious reasons.

For actors, a capital "I" would be appropriate, neatly but conspicuously displayed between the eye-brows for the men, and—for the women—almost anywhere at all.

Any actor who was dissatisfied with this suggestion could avail himself of the typical Morosco caste.



I ONCE knew a girl who lost the position as confidential secretary to the president of a big concern because her face was covered with blackheads.

"I insist on cleanliness in my organization," he told someone later. "A skin like that is an admission of personal carelessness. I would not be annoyed with a spotted face before me when I gave dictation, so I gave the job to a girl with clear skin."

Do blackheads stand in the way of your success? Do these horrid, glaringly noticeable blemishes disfigure your face so that people turn from you in disgust?

RESULTS IN TWO TREATMENTS GUARANTEED

Send for Clairz today. It is guaranteed to rid your skin of blackheads. It will make your skin clean and healthy. People will admire your beautiful skin instead of pitying you. Send no money! Fill in the coupon below, mail it at once. When the postman delivers Clairz to you pay him \$1.50. If Clairz doesn't show results in two treatments I will refund your money.

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN
665T Fifth Avenue New York City

Clairz

Clears your skin of Blackheads

—Clip this coupon. Send no money—

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN
665T Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Miss Quinlan:—Please send me a bottle of Clairz, your wonderful blackhead remover. On receipt of Clairz I will pay the postman \$1.50. It is understood that if Clairz does not show results in two treatments you will refund my money.

Name
Address
City State

HOBBIES

AT birth: They both collect admiring relatives, and the doctor also collects.

At one year: They both collect colic and baby ribbon.

At three years: He collects bumps, and she collects everything within reach.

At six years: He collects jam stains in the pantry, and she collects dolls.

At nine years: He collects marbles, and she collects beads.

At ten years: He collects stamps, and she collects valentines.

At thirteen: He collects cigar bands, and she collects pictures of movie stars.

At sixteen: He collects baseball bats and she collects dance favors.

At eighteen: He collects college pennants, and she collects fraternity pins.

At twenty-two: He collects a diploma, and she collects him.

Rumored Along the Rialto

A seat for every passenger is now demanded from the subway. But the subway is even now doing better than that. It is giving a seat for every ten passengers.

Broadway bride went into a furniture store to look at some bedroom suits. A clerk tried to show her some beautifully carved twin beds. "Oh, it is too soon," she said, "altogether too soon—for twins."

Rumored that a prominent Broadwayite is to receive the Order of the Garter but what he really needs is someone to darn his socks.

Pauline Frederick and her latest husband are enjoying a belated honeymoon on horseback. No use asking who wears the pants in that family. They both do.

George Cohan who has retired permanently from the theatrical business is now appearing personally in one show, writing three others and producing five more.

New York man had a piece of good luck the other day. He paid \$10,000 for several barrels of whisky and it all turned out to be colored water without drugs or poison.

High society is turning to prize-fighting functions. The boxers oblige by serving the punch.

Every boat that comes back from Europe is loaded and so are most of the passengers.

Broadway bank marks the zero hour in a sign on its window reading "This Bank Open Until O O'clock Every Night."

The roof of the Fifth Avenue bus is now enclosed and now, probably they will put seats on the roof of the roof.

"Longer Trains Not Needed in Subway," says an expert. Well, heaven knows, they don't need shorter skirts.

FAMOUS MAYS

	_____ Yohe
Doris	_____
	_____ I not.
Edna	_____
	_____ pole
Judge	_____ er.
	_____ belle Gilman.
Carl	_____ s
	_____ and December.
	_____ onnaise.

DR. BLACK—I suppose, Mrs. Brown, that you have given the medicine according to directions?

Mrs. Brown—Well, doctah, I done my bes'; you said give Pete one o' dese heah pills three times a day ontill gone, but I done run out o' pills yistahday, an' he hain't gone yit.



Mae Murray and David Powell in George Fitzmaurice's Paramount Picture, "Idols of Clay"

THE MOST FASCINATING THING IN THE WORLD !

—learning to write for the Movies! Millions are yearning to do it! Thousands are learning how! Movie lovers everywhere are taking it up! It's a wonderful new idea—exciting, magnetic, full of a thousand glowing new possibilities for everyone—**LEARNING HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS AND STORIES BY A SIMPLE NEW SYSTEM OF GOING TO THE MOVIES TO GET IDEAS!**

The wonder, the thrill, the joy, the deep personal gratification of seeing your own thoughts, your own ideas, your own dreams, the scenes you pictured in your fancy, the situations sketched in your imagination, the characters you whimsically portrayed—all gloriously *come to life* right there on the screen before your very eyes, while you sit in the audience with that flushed, proud smile of success! **YOURS! Yours at last.** And you never dreamed it could be! You doubted yourself—thought you needed a fancy education or "gift of writing."

TO think of thousands now writing plays and stories who used to imagine they **NEVER COULD!** Not geniuses, but just average, everyday, plain, me-and-you kind of people. Men and women in many businesses and professions—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeeper, salesman, motorman, truckman, barber, boiler-maker, doctor, lawyer, salesgirl, nurse, manicurist, model—people of all trades and temperaments deeply immersed in "manufacturing movie ideas," of planning scenarios, of adapting ideas from photoplays they see, of re-building plots, of transforming situations, or re-making characters seen on the films—all devoting every moment of their spare time to this absorbing, happy work! Turning leisure hours into golden possibilities!

And the big secret of their boundless enthusiasm, now *catching on like wild-fire among all classes of people*, is that many of them by reading some article, just as you are reading this, have discovered the wonders of a New System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York, which enables them to make such rapid

progress that they are soon transfixed with amazement at the simplicity and ease with which plays and stories are put together for the magazines and moving picture studios

For the world's supply of photoplays is constantly absorbed in the huge, hungry maw of public demand. Nearly everybody may turn to playwriting with profit. It is *the most fascinating thing in the world*. And also most lucrative. Skilled writers live in luxury and have princely incomes. They dictate their own terms and never are dictated to. They live and work and do as they please. They are free, independent, prosperous and popular!

YOU need not stay outside of this Paradise, unless **YOU WANT TO!** You have as much right to Success as they. They, too, had to begin—they, too, were once uncertain of themselves. But they made a start, they took a chance, they gave themselves the benefit of the doubt, they simply **BELIEVED THEY COULD—AND THEY DID!** Your experience may be the very same, so why not have a try at it? The way is wide open and the start easier than ever you dreamed. Listen The Authors' Press, of Auburn, New York, today makes you this astonishing offer: Realizing that you, like many others, are uncertain of your ability and don't know whether you could learn to write or not, they agree to send you absolutely free, "**THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS**," which is a book of wonders for ambitious men and women, beautifully illustrated with handsome photographs—a gold mine of ideas that

will gratify your expectations so fully that you will be on the tip-toe of eagerness to **BEGIN WRITING AT ONCE!**

So don't turn over this page without writing your name and address below and mailing at once. You're nothing to pay. You're not obligated in the slightest. **THIS MAGNIFICENT BOOK IS YOURS—FREE. NO CASH ACCEPTED FOR THIS BOOK.** No strings to this offer. Your copy is all ready, waiting to be mailed to you. *Send and get it now.*



The Authors' Press, Dept. 100, Auburn, New York.
Send me **ABSOLUTELY FREE** "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

More of Those Kicks

WE certainly kicked up a rumpus when we started our kick contest. We figured that most people had a kick coming but we didn't think it would be unanimous. They came in by the hundreds. We printed some in the last issue. Here are some more that will interest you.

MY KICK

I KICK against the kickers against short skirts. They are inconsistent, nosy, and stir up a lot of dust about nothing.

If uncovered legs are immodest in an afternoon dress, why not in gym bloomers or a bathing suit? They are the same legs. If our worthy reformers are satisfied that the dear ladies should show their legs in athletics, why not let them on the street or in the ball-room, and mind their own business?

The Turks thought the world was going to corruption when their ladies began to uncover their faces, but these same reformers of ours applauded the passing of a silly custom in Turkey. And yet that custom was no sillier than the custom they are trying to bring back.

I will admit that some legs would look better if covered up. But, for that matter, lots of faces would, too.

—D. Paul Goodrich,
Wilder, Vt.

ONE SWIFT KICK

THE man to-day, who has eight vigorous youngsters calling him daddy, is one of the mortals who is entitled to a little barking, I'll tell everybody. Ten pairs of shoes, ten pairs of everything that comes in pairs, and ten stomachs to fill and—and—well, a bunch of ten these days isn't as bad as one with fifteen, but the man with a household of fifteen hasn't got my sympathy. He's got my tears; I shed tears for him.

And my kick is why, why doesn't this government, so full of commissions, so full of all kinds of prohibitive laws, why doesn't my government establish a commission to regulate, yes step right into my meat market, my grocery store, my shoe shop and say: "Hey! Enough!

Stop! Look! Listen! Fifty per cent profit is E-nough. Over that you swing." No jails. There isn't room. Swing's the word.

There is always some beast doing double and triple work. It's always been that way. The willing horse in the team, pulling like hell, and the other taking it easy. And getting down to the finer grade of animals there are men going through this world smoking good cigars and toasting their comforts a delightful brown, and the other, who is lucky to get a ten-cent plug of tobacco each week and hit the corn-cob.

B. A. Alden,
Stanwood, Wash.

AVAUNT GALOSHES!

WHERE'S my lady's slender ankle
Clad in lovely silken hose,
Lending dash and winsome fashion
From her feet to tip o' nose?

Where's the graceful silhouette
Of hosiery ads life-size,
That gladdened dreary winter days,
The target of all eyes?

A snake has entered Eden,
Most hideous, by gosh—
My lady nowadays scuffs along
In flopping, crude galosh!

Miss Bertha E. Moore,
853 N. Broadway,
Dayton, Ohio.

SCANDAL-MONGERS

TO kick! Oh, blessed relief! And I'm not a mule, either. But oh, how I hate to be harnessed and driven—by convention, busy-bodies, gossips, scandal-mongers, slander-peddlers.

Oh, these devils! Who wallow in mental filth of their own creating! They tear reputations to shreds (character, they cannot injure, thanks be!); their souls are withered husks. They see no good because in themselves is no good.

Thanks, I feel better now.

Miss Etta Caton,
507 No. Burlington Ave.,
Hasting, Nebraska.

(Continued on page 42)

Justice for Men!

A BILL has been introduced in the Maryland legislature to give men their rights. It declares—something which was an oversight in the Declaration of Independence—that males are entitled to as much freedom as females, and therefore have a perfect right to try and get it.

In the divorce section, a woman who is the sole support of her husband has to put up the alimony while she's suing him for resuscitation of her maiden rights.

In the maintenance section, the wife is required to contribute as much to the support of the home as the husband—even if it is only another nickel.

Any wife who appropriates her hus-

band's cash for her own purposes is guilty of larceny—which is a hard name for going through his trousers.

Any wife caught juggling the household accounts so that she can drag an extra bonnet out of her allowance is guilty of misappropriation of funds, and the aggrieved husband has a right to wear the bonnet himself.

Any husband who comes home early and finds his wife out can tell the judge about it, but it will be safer for him not to let on to her—at least until after he's across the state line into Virginia.

Well, it's about time husbands were having some rights. It will be nice to have them on the statute books, even if they can't enjoy them.

(Continued from page 41)

SHE

RED Hair.

Talks back.

Calls me "Artie" (to the office boy).

Twists my polished phrases into the blitherings of an ass.

Pays her daily tithe to the Wrigley and Djer-Kiss dynasties.

Wants a raise every Saturday night.

Says "presspiration."

Wears filmy transparencies and cheats the onlooker.

"Adores" Eugene O'Brien.

Bubbles when she talks.

Keeps my best buyers waiting in the anteroom.

And lets collectors in.

Effervesces.

Paints, pouts, primps.

Smirks, simpers.

My stenographer.

God!

How I hate her!

B. W. Lewis, No. 21,

1220 Park Ave.,

Indianapolis, Ind.

A KICK AGAINST—THE KICKER

THE fellow that has a kick coming to him—and in a vulnerable spot too—is the chronic kicker, the fellow who finds everything wrong with everything.

He kicks against prohibition and blue laws.

He kicks against mothers-in-law,

imagine that! He even finds fault with fellows making more money than himself.

He lodges a kick when the wife serves the dinner cold, or when it is not ready in time. He kicks against the weather, it's always too hot or too cold for him.

He hasn't a good word for Volstead or Bryan. He kicks against the city government, and the street car companies trying to get an extra nickel from the public. Street car companies must live!

He kicks against the subway. He believes that his having to stand warrants a protest. He doesn't believe in giving a woman his seat.

He kicks when the slot machine does not return his penny!

He kicks about the high price of admission he has to pay to see a show that's worth about thirty cents—and then he knocks the show itself.

He kicks when he has to pay a quarter to get his hat out of hock from the hat check boy; he kicks against tipping the waiter.

He kicks when that horse he bet on does not win; and he kicks even if he does win. He says the price is not big enough.

Yep, he kicks about all those things and more and I'll be damned if he isn't right!

From Herbert Feldman,

Strand Theatre,

Fulton St., & Rockwell Pl.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Favorite Agonies

GETTING up and closing the bed-room window at 7 a. m.

Listening to a friend who thinks he has a new flivver story.

Trying to frame up a diplomatic answer to the elderly Maiden who coyly asks you to guess her age.

Trying to carry three bundles, keep your hat on and your glasses from blowing off, and get an eyefull all at the same time on a busy and windy street full of shoppers.

Listening to the smart Alecks say "I got in all my coal last Spring."

Underdone pork chops and over-done roast beef.

Shopping with the wife.

Relatives.

Reading summer resort booklets.

Listening to your wife describe to a friend a dress she saw in a shop.

Reading the mail on the first of the month.

Climbing out of the bath-tub to answer the telephone and have central ask, "What nummer?" and then say, "'Scusa pleez."

Trying to read the morning paper crowded into a car seat with a stout lady who is knitting.

Q'S AND A'S

(Tatler answers all questions, no matter how painful.)

Q. What is the best reference book to have handy?

A. A bank-book.

Q. How is Will Hays going to clean up the movies?

A. The same as a lot of others have done it.

Q. What time is it when chorus girls go to bed?

A. Eastern standard.

Q. Why does Marcus Loew wear red suspenders.

A. Not for the same reason that Al Woods wears a derby hat.

Q. What does a poet live on?

A. He just lives on.

Q. How can I avoid falling hair?

A. Step nimbly to one side.

Q. How can I get a theater named after me?

A. Build it yourself, like they all do.

Q. Can a man be a good husband and a trifter beside?

A. Beside whom?

Q. If Columbus was a square guy, why did they name a circle after him?

A. Fashion experts say skirts will be longer next year.

Q. What is the best thing for a small toast?

A. A poached egg.

Q. How can I break the record in a musical way?

A. Hit a phonograph briskly with an axe.

Q. Who is the stingiest guy in the world?

A. One who will not even tip his hat.

IMPORTANT POINT

THE doctor's wife had advertised for a girl to do housework and was showing an applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promises of privileges and it looked as though the two were going to come to an agreement, when the girl suddenly asked:

"Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl. "Do you put all the food on the table and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it around?"

Situations and Such

AS MY friend Bennie says, "Just because some people prefer garlic to incense and herrink to hozannahs is no reason why they should hold it against me, isn't it?"

You see, this all happens because I chance to meet up with a bird who writes for the movies. Bennie introduces him to me, and as he is of Bennie's faith I treat him good, because Bennie is not only the salt of the earth but also somewhat of the pepper. But anyhow, this movie scenarioizer, he's all het up over his latest which is "Should Women Sin?" And I agrees that they should, otherwise this would be a lonesome world, to say the least.

Then he asks me about my wee gee board, which Bennie is kidding me about, and I tell him the wee gee is a little quicker than the telephone because I got Bill Shakespere within three hundred years or so after he dies, and then this movie bird hands me a hard one by wanting, right away, to talk to Moses. This gets Bennie's goat and he says, "Aw fer the lova Mike," which it seems he learns when a kid from the Irish boys in his neighborhood.

The conversation switches to situations and Bennie explains that the scenarioizer is always scratching the tin off his roof in deep perplexity looking for situations.

My experience has been that conversation appertaining and relating to looking for situations is mostly preliminary to a touch so I begin to sidle away, but the scenarioizer reassures me by pulling a roll of green money the size of a blimp, and Bennie explains that a situation is a tight fix like a corset, only different. So I rib up a few situations for the scenarioizer, right out of my own head, and the scenarioizer hasn't spoken to me since and Bennie says he insists that I was trying to crab his act. All I did was to tell him just like this:

Find a situation for a tramp. He needs one whether he knows it or not. Have the tramp come upon a baby cart in the park with a nurse snoozing nearby. Have the tramp lift the baby out of the cart and place it on the park

By Roy A. Giles

bench. Then have the tramp take the bottle from the baby and lie

down in the cart and lull himself to sleep with the bottle. (Copyright 1721.) Have the nurse awake and scorn a policeman suitor and fall madly in love with the tramp and take him to her arms. The denouement comes when the maid and tramp elope in the perambulator which turns out to be a go-cart. They are chased by the policeman who turns out to be a cop. Pursue this general theme until out of breath.

Here's another: Find a situation with Al Woods for a sister team of educated twin beds. This is easy. Have a young Morris plan millionaire aviator, who has made a vast fortune by inventing a one-man-top for a straight flush meet his beautiful wife in the artificial palmistry of his McDougal street sunken spaghetti garden. Have him tell her he will be away for a week, attending an unconventional Elks' convention. He flies home unexpectedly and finds wife seated on the youngest and strongest of the twin beds with a strange man wearing spats, and whatever else the censor insists upon.

Husband rushes to strange man grasps his hand heartily and with notes of gladness ringing in his voice:

"Welcome to our city. Our accommodations may be humble and not so garish as those of the cabarets to which you are accustomed, but I am sure my wife will make your stay a pleasant one." This is tense. "Just have your paste-board suit case and celluloid collar brought over," continues the husband, joyously, "and spend a month with us." Wife shows her appreciation of her husband's broadmindedness by drawing a dainty pearl-handled revolver and shooting them both on the spot. Any spot. A clothes hamper for this set can be found in any Al Woods property room or at Caine's.

There were other situations, some tense and some almost pathetic, but the scenarioizer showed utter lack of understanding. For instance, he meets Bennie and asks him if there are any more nuts on my family tree.

De world was made in six days," said Uncle Eben, "but it's been takin' thousands of years to git desirable tenants for it."

Do-Re-Mi-Faugh!

A Non-Musical Farce in the Do-or-Di-atonic Scale

By Lisle Bell

SCENE—A bare living room in which the vocal teacher makes a bare living. The grand piano is seated at the right, and the grand bluff is seated at the left, trying to think up something that the landlady will believe. The landlady has just gone out, which will account for the aroma of cheap perfume which is still hanging around.

The vocal teacher has long hair and long fingers—to match the rent, which is long due. There is a bust of Beethoven on the mantel and some sharp notes (from the grocer and butcher) lying about, to give a musical atmosphere.

The prospective pupil enters. Apparently she has been trying to sing for a great many years, and it's beginning to tell on her. She has a physique which would make her an excellent understudy for Samson. (She could go on and sing the role while he was out getting a haircut.) She's as close to forty as the teacher is to bankruptcy.

THE Professor (speaking table d'hôte French with a red-ink accent)—Ah, madam! Toot charmant!

She (with a couple of hauteurs)—Sir, I am not a cornetist.

Professor (bowing profusely)—My mee-stake, madam. You have come to have your voice trained, is it not?

She—Well, some say it is, and some say it is not. You can take your choice.

Professor—You would like to have your voice cultivated?

She—No, I think that's the main trouble with it. It's been cultivated too long. Now I'd like to have it run wild for a change.

Professor—I see. You are approaching middle age, and you want to give your vocal chords one last fling. Well, you've come to the right man. You have a great career behind you.

She—What roles do you think I ought to be able to sing?

Professor—Mainly the hard rolls—such as Vienna and Parker House.

She (joyfully)—Then let's get started right away.

Professor (suddenly remembering that he's French)—Non, non! Not so fast, s'il vous plait. Before one has rolls, one must have dough. First let me glance at your pocketbook.

She (using the same set of hauteurs as before)—Sir!

Professor—I beg pardon—I didn't know you carried it there. Well, what other singing methods have you tried?

She—Once I was knocked down by a taxi in which Caruso was riding. That gave me the inspiration. Next I stepped on a cat's tail. That gave me encouragement. Then I began to take on weight. That gave me the figure.

And finally I went to a famous voice teacher, who said he would like to give me ten years at hard labor. After that, I went to a number of teachers. Some of them wanted to change my breathing, and some urged me to give up breathing entirely. One wanted to know if I was singing for my own pleasure, or to annoy the neighbors. One said he thought I ought to be selling vegetables from a wagon, and another promised me steady work as a train caller. But even the trains I called wouldn't come.

Professor—Well, after all you've been through, I predict that Mary Garden will never need you. But you can rely on me.

She—And what are your terms?

Professor—One hundred dollars with; five hundred dollars without.

She (puzzled)—With—what?

Professor—With me! I always give my pupils a chance to marry me. If you accept, I'll get all your money, anyhow, so that's why I can afford to charge you less. You may think I'm mercenary, but I'm not. It's my landlady who is. I tried to make her one of my pupils, but all I could get her to do in a musical way was to whistle for the rent.

She (melting)—How romantic you are, professor! Here I've been studying voice for centuries, and you're the first teacher who has ever proposed to me. And that's just what my voice needs. Marry me—and teach me to sing—if you can!

Professor (going to the piano and striking a chord)—Sing that. (As the lady opens her mouth to comply, the audience rushes out in a panic.)

CURTAIN

"Art" in the Movies

GLYCERINE tear hanging to end of heroine's nose.
 Poor heroine starving in a \$25,000 sable coat.
 Pink moon descending by jerks into lavender ocean.
 Scene in Russian town. Childs restaurant in foreground.
 Two-hundred-pound pugilistic villain knocked out by ribbon-clerk hero.
 Large boat shipwrecked in a sea as calm as a washboard.
 Grief-stricken heroine smiling at herself in mirror.
 Man and dog standing on mountain-top. (Every week, every theater.)
 Lone wolf standing in moonlight. Trap drummer barking like Airedale.
 Scene in Yukon valley. Long Island villa in background.
 Louis XIV of France seated at table. Telephone at his elbow.
 Julius Caesar entering Egypt along road lined with electric light poles.

QUESTIONS EDISON COULDN'T ANSWER

WHY does a flapper, who lugs a cane,
 Wear such a lofty look of pain?

Why does some guy in the farthest back rows
 Spoil every climax by blowing his nose?

Why does a person, who thinks he is wise,
 Introduce Sweetie to handsomer guys?

How does a bird with five thousand a year
 Pose every night as a great financier?

Where is the actor, who, asking for pelf,
 Speaks in an embarrassed way of himself?

Where do the authors, we hasten to shout,
 Get all the plots they so deftly leave out?

How, the box office man would like to know,
 Do all the folks hope to sit in the fifth row?

Where is the bird in this town's broad expanse
 Who couldn't make good "if he just had a chance?"

How can Cain's store-house hold all the punk shows
 That come there for storage each day? Heaven knows.

HELLO, DOC!

EVERY Tuesday and Friday evening at nine o'clock, Uncle Sam's public health service sends out a radio bulletin on health. Well, nothing like having a government which takes a personal interest in you. But we don't think the service will be really appreciated until it begins to turn out tips such as these:

"Circus in town tomorrow. Quite a lot of whooping-cough in the neighbor-

hood. Small boys should be kept out of school."

"Easter shower not due until late in the afternoon. Ladies can wear new bonnets to church, and be home in plenty of time."

"Change in atmospheric pressure tomorrow night. Look to your home brew."

"Fur coats are absolutely necessary to health. Make some man come across, girls."

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, MODELS

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 Curious samples postcard and large sizes,
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E. RAVELEAU, EDITOR

26 Rue Pasteur. Neuilly-Plaisance,
 (S & O) France.

Did you ever stop to think that the fine feathers grow on birds that are not fit to eat?

When a woman repulses you, be cautious. When she beckons to you, beat it.

The Business World

At 9 a. m., he was enjoying a cigarette.

At 9:47 a. m., he was kidding his stenographer.

At 10:18 a. m., he was holding her hand.

At 11:52 a. m., he was enjoying another cigarette.

At 12:05 p. m., he was making an appointment for lunch.

At 12:35 p. m., he went to lunch.

At 2:43 p. m., he returned from lunch.

At 2:51 p. m., he finished his second after-lunch cigar.

At 2:54 p. m., he left for a ball game.

And all day long, the telephone girl in the outer office was telling visitors that Mr. Billings was in conference and couldn't be disturbed.

=====

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT—

NOVA SCOTIA is a Russian film star.
Violet Ray is Charlie Ray's sister.

June Caprice is a barefooted dance for Spring.

Ireland is free.

All the cheap marks are in Germany.

The Bat is a prohibition propaganda play.

William Collier owns a magazine.

Al Woods and Lou Herman are brothers—and they are.

Mae Murray runs a cafe on Forty-second street.

All movie actors hate themselves.

The Avon Comedy Four is the name of an automobile.

Izzy Einstein is a Jew, how strange!

Mary Garden is a manufacturer of expensive perfume.

Every actress bats around nights after the show.

Norma is getting a little hefty for kid parts.

Captain Applejack is a play about hard cider.

Alan Dale is not his real name.

Subway turnstiles can't digest bum nickles.

Guy Bates Post is branch of the American Legion.

Thomas H. Ince puts his name on the screen purposely.

HOW TO BEAT BROADWAY

LET the chorus take care of itself.

If the taxicab clock isn't running—get out.

Try your hooch on some acquaintance first—not on yourself or a friend.

They hate a tightwad but they respect him.

Don't try to be a first-nighter. The show is better later.

A ten-cent shoe-shine may mean \$10,000 to you.

Broadway has more wrecks than all the railroads combined.

If you lose your temper you lose the only thing worth keeping.

Sign every contract shoved at you, but not with your own name.

You can lie to everybody in the world except yourself.

The best way to beat Broadway—stay on some other street.

—Old Man Hattan.

=====

UNPLEASANT ATMOSPHERE

THE master of the household had ordered that the maid should clean a coat of his with gasoline. The order was not carried out; so he asked his wife:

"Why won't this girl of ours clean my coat with gasoline?"

"Oh," said the wife, "ever since that chauffeur jilted her she hasn't been able to stand the odor of it."

NO USE FOR THEM

"**L**OOK here, Snip," said Slowpay indignantly to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers."

"No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor with a sigh; "I judged from your account here you never had anything to put in them."

The New Brunswick, N. J., telegraph officials decided that their boys were too slow, so they hired girls. They told one girl that the message was a "rush" and to hustle with it. She hired a taxi—\$1.50.

Ah, these wimmin—it's born in 'em.

INSPIRED

"**C**HILDREN," said the teacher to her class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in you."

As a result of this advice, eight-year-old Richard passed in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite just what is in us. In me there is my stummick, lungs, liver, two apples, two cakes and my dinner."

A man in Indiana has a good silver dollar with the eagle on both sides.

He has kept it twenty years—

Which is the really remarkable thing about the dollar.

THE HINT SUFFICIENT

"**P**A, why do you insist on my singing when Mr. Rimley calls?"

"Well, I don't like the fellow, and yet I hate to come right out and tell him to go."

A St. Louis man bought a goose and found \$10.17 in change in the bird's crop.

Not the goose that laid the golden egg, but evidently the one that cracked the till.

WOULD BE DANGEROUS

PECK—A doctor says it helps digestion to laugh at your meals.

Peck—If I were to laugh at the meals my wife prepares I'd probably get a plate thrown at my head.

With grandmothers posing as chickens, granddads are seriously considering re-sowing their wild oats.

DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES

AMONG the patients in a certain hospital there was one disposed to take a dark view of chances of recovery.

"Cheer up, old man," admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as ill as you are. Look at me now."

The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame.

"Yes, but what doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

PICK ME UP ^{AND} LAY ME DOWN IN DEAR OLD DIXIELAND



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by
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